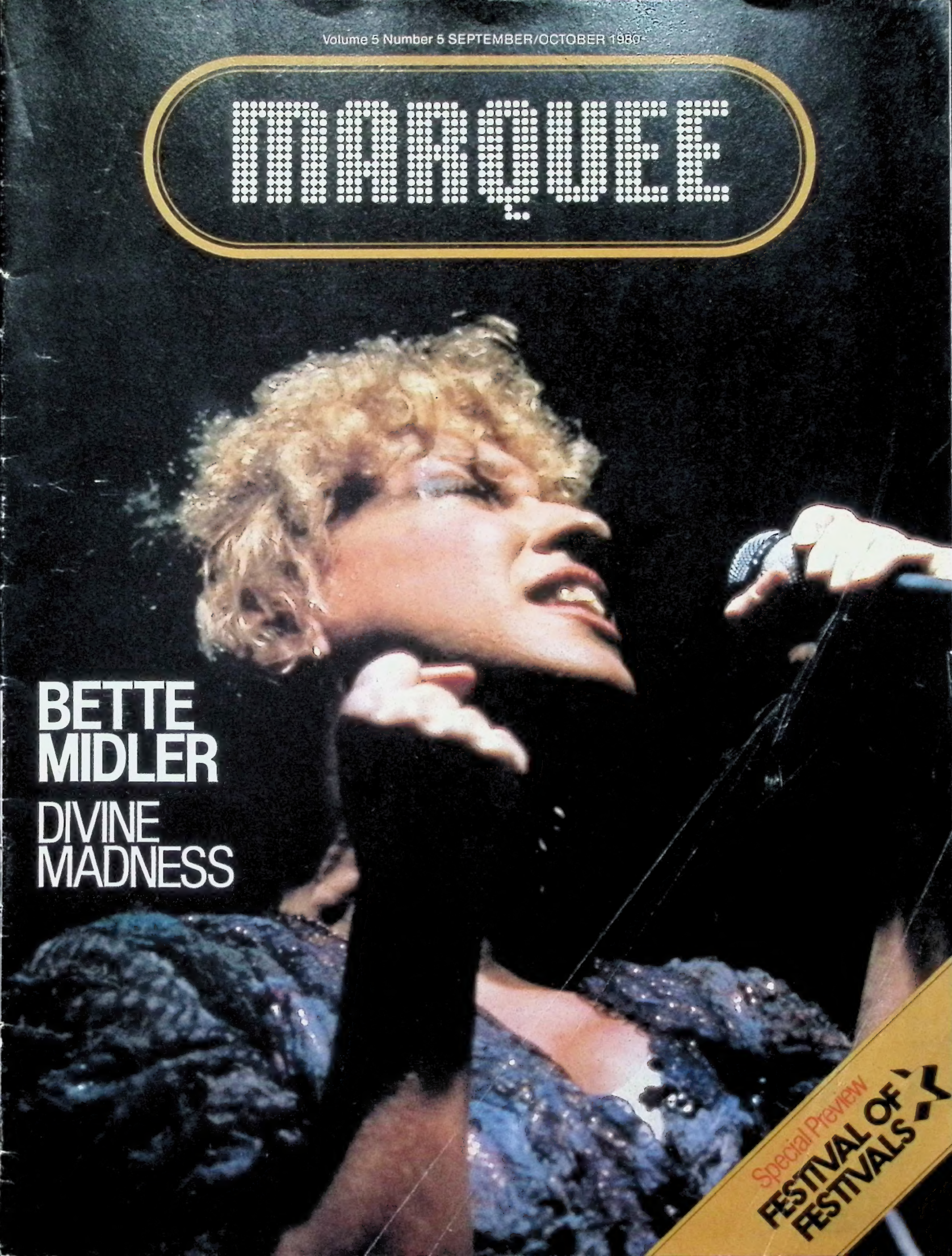
Volume 5 Number 5 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1980

MARQUEE



BETTE MIDLER

DIVINE MADNESS

Special Preview
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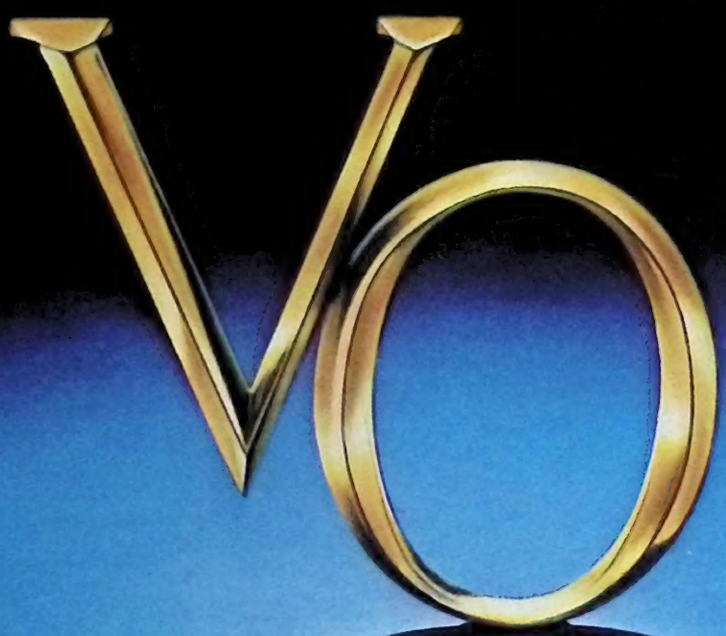

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VOLUME 5 NO. 5 SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1980

MARQUEE

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THE PEOPLE'S CHOICE

The only critic casting a vote at the Festival of Festivals is Joe Public.

"The Labatt's Most Popular Film Award fits right in with the character of the Festival," says director Wayne Clarkson. "I don't really like competitions. There's a tone of elitism when you invite six scholarly gentlemen to review the film and kindly pass their decision on to the great unwashed. That's hogwash!

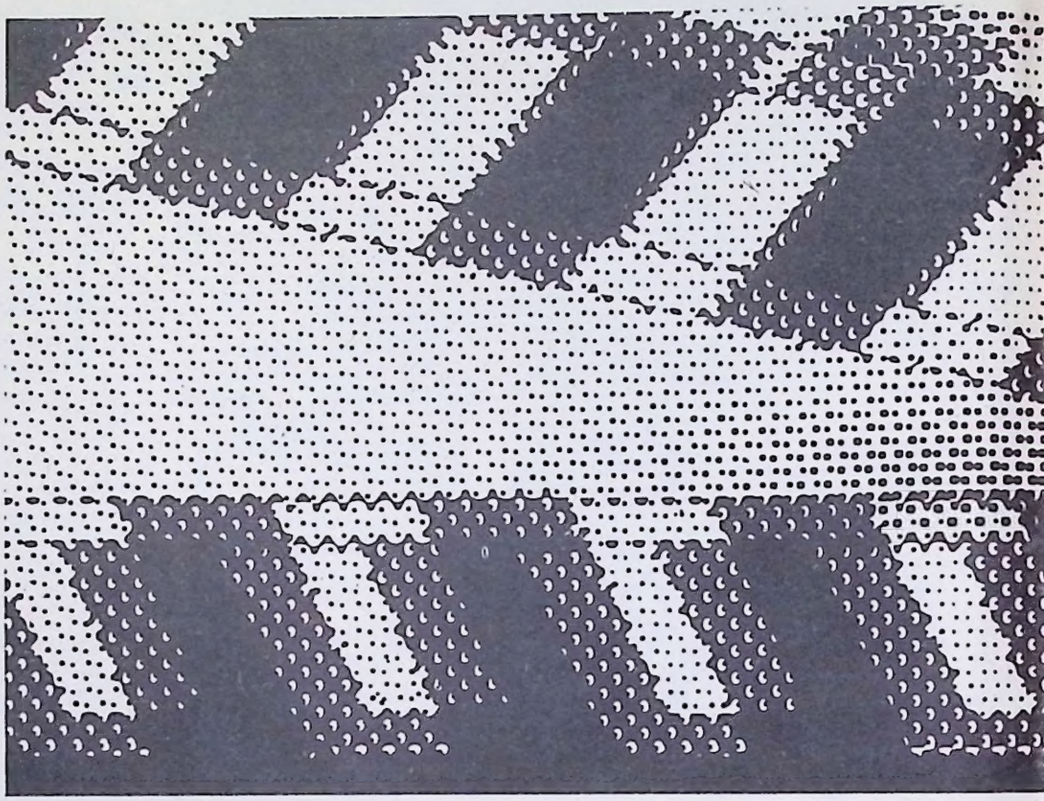
"I've spent 10 years studying film and I consider myself no more or less qualified as the next person to assess a film.

"Last year, the film that won the award was **Best Boy**, which was a documentary! That's an indication that the kind of public attention given to the films is a good one."

And so, the bronze sculpted, crystal-topped box-office trophy is an honor bestowed on the filmmaker by the public — which, says Clarkson, makes it a "rather special treat."

FESTIVAL O

by Kathy Fremes



Movie lovers, prepare youself for a 10-day feast. Here comes the Festival of Festivals.

Toronto's fifth annual international film festival, running from September 4th to 13th, has found itself a home. Not only will patrons be able to bask in the flickering light of 150 films, but they will also be able to catch the action happening in the new Festival Village. From late August until the end of the Festival, Bloor Street — from Church Street to Avenue Road — will be the official home of the Festival of Festivals.

Wayne Clarkson, artistic director of the event, explains that the principle behind the creation of the Village is to give the Festival a geographic focus. With the postering and bannering of the streets and the decorating of storefronts in movie motifs, an atmosphere will be created that should enhance the Festival.

For the three years that Clarkson has been involved as director, the Festival has tripled in attendance. Last year, more than 100,000 people jammed into theaters over a 10-day period, and this fall Clarkson expects between 130,000 and 150,000 patrons if audiences continue to grow at the rate they have in the past.

Asked why Toronto's filmfest draws larger crowds than the Cannes, Berlin and New York Film Festivals, Clarkson replies: "I don't think that there's a city in North America that is hungrier for films than Toronto." And it's true. City residents are the largest consumers of celluloid per capita in the world.

However, even the voracious appetites of filmgoers in this city didn't guarantee instant success for the Festival. "It takes a few years before you establish credibility with people and they decide that it is something they want and something they want to be a part of."

But films are the main ingredients of any film festival and it is in this department that Clarkson obviously excels. "The Festival is not programmed as an elitest event. Film is by definition a popular art. You try to provide something for everybody and as long as there is a balance of the popular and very esoteric, you will attract the broadest audience."

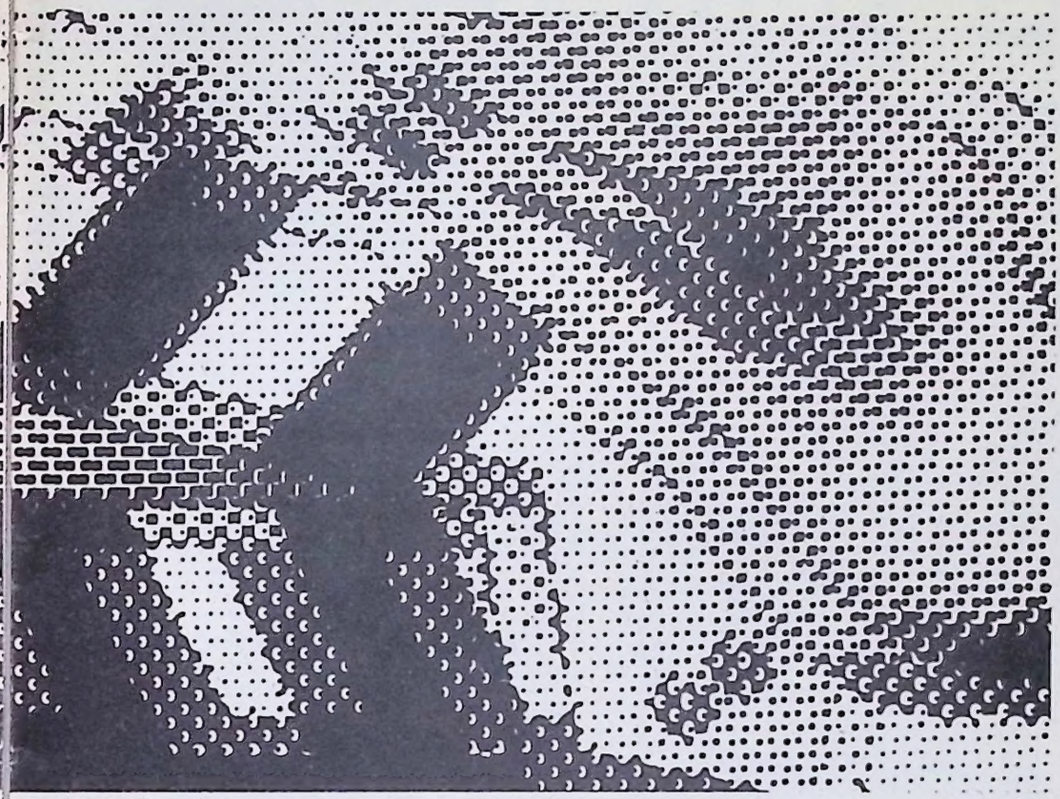
Certainly, Clarkson has never had any difficulties attracting an audience. Quite the contrary. His problem seems to be too many people for too few seats. To avoid having to turn people away at the theater's door, this year's strategy is to repeat popular films and screen them in larger theaters. Clarkson is also negotiating for more movie houses. "Eventually, I am going to reach a point where I grow faster than the audience," he says optimistically.

A main attraction for festivalgoers has been the splashy gala presentation. Every evening, the Festival will screen 10 major Canadian, American and European films, followed by a reception honoring the participating country and filmmaker.

Highlighting this year's program is the world premiere of Bette Midler's **Divine Madness**, directed by Michael Ritchie. After three months of negotiations, Clarkson confirmed that Ms Midler will be one of the stars to glisten in the crowds of filmgoers.

Gala premieres include John Guillermin's **Mr. Patman**, starring one of Canada's finest actresses, Kate Nelligan, with James Coburn. Clarkson describes this film as

F FESTIVALS



"one of the most interesting to come out of this country in the past year."

Internationally acclaimed Polish director Andrzej Wajda's **The Conductor**, with Sir John Gielgud, Krystyne Janda and Andrzej Seweryn (recipient of this year's Best Actor award at the Berlin International Film Festival) will have its North American premiere at the Festival. "If you want to talk about film as art, one talks about this film," says Clarkson.

With the Festival no longer considered "just a young upstart," more countries have placed a greater measure of importance on the Toronto Festival and are investing considerable time, effort and money. An example of this kind of participation was shown by the French government's co-sponsorship of the Festival's tribute to its country's cinematic achievements.

Ten major feature films from France will be screened in this series, including **Lou Lou**, directed by Jean Vigo who will be attending its premiere.

Clarkson's decision to expand the "Critic's Choice" series from nine to 18 films will also increase the international content. Renowned film critic David Overbey has selected a program designed to focus on films of an alternative nature. "It's for the more adventuresome film-oriented person," advises Clarkson.

One of the new series to be introduced this year will focus on the independent filmmakers and is entitled "Less is More." This is Clarkson's personal favorite. "I admire people with next to no money who go out and make a feature film and a damn good one, he says. Let's not forget that **Outrageous** cost only $200,000." Included in this series is **Return of the Secaucus 7**, a film that Clarkson predicts is going to "take the Festival by storm." John Katz, Associate Professor of Film at York University, is responsible for selecting the nine-film program, in which each movie must weigh in under $600,000.

Also in this series is **Heartland**, directed by Richard Pearce, which took grand prize at this year's Berlin International Film Festival.

And now for something completely different — "New Waves." This program focuses on new wave punk rock, and Clarkson hopes that it will attract a younger audience and give the Festival "a shot in the arm of something new and different."

"Not since the mid-sixties has the direction of film been so strongly influenced by the direction of music," says Frank Taylor, one of the programmers selecting the nine "concert" films. Included in the series is **D.O.A.**, a film of the Sex Pistols' American concert tour, and **AC/DC Let There Be Rock**, which brings the Australians' North American and European tour to the silver screen.

Similar to last year's "American Nightmare" series is the "Godard Phenomenon," a mini-festival selected by Canadian film author and broadcaster, Peter Harcourt, comprising 50 films.

"I don't believe that there has been a filmmaker today who hasn't been influenced by Godard," says Clarkson. "They're either reacting against Godard or they're incorporating what they feel is positive."

Not to be forgotten are the overlooked films of the "Buried Treasure" series.

If all this sounds a little overwhelming, take a 'leap first, look later' attitude and do as Clarkson suggests: "Jump into everything that the Festival has to offer."★

LIFE AS A SIDESHOW

by David McCaughna

Mel Brooks behind a soberingly serious new movie? It may sound farfetched, but Brooks is responsible for **The Elephant Man**, a film that marks a major departure for the veteran Hollywood funnyman. "As you know, I'm not internationally famous for my drama," says Brooks. "I have made six films, all of which have been essentially funny. **The Elephant Man** is the first flat-out drama I have personally been associated with, and I am delighted to have it as the second film under my new banner, Brooksfilms."

The Elephant Man is the true story of a hideously deformed 19th century man who became the toast of Victorian London. It's a life story that has inspired many plays (including the recent Tony Award winner) and books, but this is the first movie to detail the wretched and triumphant life of Joseph Merrick.

Photographs provide some visual indication of just how horribly deformed Merrick really was, but it's more difficult to comprehend what the man's life was like. When he was born in 1864 into a working-class family, Merrick was perfectly normal. But within a few years strange growths appeared on his body. Slowly, Merrick's body became misshapen and protrusions began to jut out of his head, one of them resembling an elephant's trunk. The disease, since diagnosed as neurofibromatosis, had taken over. From Merrick's head sprouted huge cauliflower-like growths; one hand twisted into something that resembled a large fin, and mounds of loose flesh cascaded down from

his body and gave off a stomach-turning odor.

So deformed that he couldn't hold a job, the young Merrick was thrown out of his family home and forced to begin a journey into some of the darkest, cruelest facets of 19th century society. He took refuge in a workhouse, but was treated so badly by the other inhabitants that he finally offered himself up as a freak show exhibit.

Dr. Frederick Treves, a noted surgeon at London Hospital, specialized in cases of deformity, on hearing of The Elephant Man made his way to the tawdry exhibit. Treves was astounded by what he saw: "There stood revealed the most disgusting specimen of humanity that I have ever seen," Treves wrote. He gave Merrick his card and left. Anthony Hopkins portrays Dr. Treves in the film.

In the 1880s, authorities began to deem the freak shows inhuman and they were shut down. It looked as though Merrick's career was over. An unscrupulous showman took him to the continent, hoping Merrick could still be exhibited there, but again the show was closed. Merrick's paltry savings were stolen and he was left in Belgium. Miraculously the poor man was able to get back to England, ending up on a London railway platform. The police couldn't understand what the confused man was saying, but they discovered Treves's card in a pocket, and the doctor was called. Joseph Merrick was rescued from a life of utter degradation.

At London Hospital, Dr. Treves gave Merrick a home in which he would spend the rest of his life. For the first time in his life Merrick was treated decently, and he was to develop his mind and social graces at the hospital. For Merrick it was a wonderful new life.

It was not to last.

Because it was so enormously distorted, Merrick had to sleep with his head placed on his bended knees. He dreamed of sleeping in a normal reclining position. One night he apparently tried it. The weight of his head was too much and it snapped back; Merrick was dead of suffocation at age 26. His bones were preserved and they are still used to teach medical students at London Hospital.★

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SIMPLY DIVINE

by George Anthony

Life is a cabaret if you're Liza Minnelli, but if you're Bette Midler it's strictly a send-up.

That's how she won our hearts in the first place — by turning high camp into high comedy. She created an outrageous alter ego, The Divine Miss M, to do and say the outlandish things she could never say as Bette Midler, the all-American girl from Hawaii. She played gay baths in Manhattan and put the joint on the tourist map. She played the Andrews Sisters — all three of 'em — and brought back *Boogie Bugle Boy*. She knocked our drug culture for a loop by threatening to serve hash brownies at her concerts. She took all the tacky bits from all the excesses of show business and elevated them to Trash With Flash.

At the beginning she was merely a novelty act; no one thought she was the Lily Tomlin of Pop. She was so good at her act that no one knew she was acting. But after we got used to the glare from the glitter we suddenly heard something remarkable — her voice — and a bonafide star was born.

In those days Barry Manilow was doing her arrangements; he even opened her show for her. ("We might get together again," she confides. "Has something he wants me to hear.") In those days, too, she was frequently compared to Barbra Streisand.

"I can't imagine why," she says, tilting her head to display her famous nose. "But Barbra's prettier than me. Oh yes, she is. She has perfect skin and beautiful hair, and she's very dainty, very elegant. And she's beautiful in person. AND," she adds pointedly, "I would never, never, ever dump on Barbra Streisand."

Barbra's star rose at the box-office, and now it's Bette's turn. Ms Midler is following up her Oscar nomination performance in **The Rose** with a self-portrait. Her second film is **Divine Madness** — a celluloid offering of her latest one-woman stage show. This is Bette doing what Bette does best.

She created her stage persona, The Divine Miss M, "because I was afraid to go out there by myself."

Unlike many of her fans, however, she has no trouble telling Miss M and Herself apart.

In **The Rose**, Bette portrayed a woman destroyed by the intensity of her career as a recording and concert star. In **Divine Madness**, she is her own performing persona.

Is The Rose closer to Bette than her own Divine Miss M?

"No, not really. In the movie the girl wants to take time off, get away from the business for a while, and her manager won't let her. I took two weeks off once and it almost destroyed me. But, you see, I like it. I like all the craziness."

"This is a rough country to live in. You're constantly bombarded with things you're supposed to strive for — swimming pools, tennis courts, big cars — and if you get a taste for those things it's tough."

How has she avoided that trap?

"I don't own anything. Just a Jaguar, and it's been in the shop for four months. Wanna buy a Jag?"

She rents Richard Chamberlain's house in Hollywood and spends her days surrounded by

Continued on page 11

PAUL MAZURSKY'S

WILLIE & PHIL

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COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

Continued from page 8

his memorabilia. "Some days I think I really am Dr. Kildare."

The heroine of **The Rose** needed sex, drugs and alcohol to get her through the night, "but that's not me either. For one thing I'm not a drinker. I'm one of the world's grosser drunks. My friends won't come near me when I'm drinking. So I try not to go out in public when it happens.

"Drugs, well, I'm still looking for my drug. I'm sure it's out there somewhere," she says optimistically. "But blow makes me depressed, grass makes me paranoiac, and acid makes me wingy, so I don't do much of any of them."

And sex?

"SEX." She repeats the word with all its lewd comic possibilities, turning herself into the Divine Miss M before my eyes. "Sex I do. Very often. And very well."

If Mae West had heard her deliver that line she would have given Bette Midler a sitting ovation, and Bette Davis, whose namesake she is, would have blushed.

She got a taste of movie making working as an extra, first in Hawaii (on **Hawaii**) and later in New York (on **Goodbye Columbus**).

"Not that I sat down one day and said Ms Mildew, let's go to the movies. But it was always there. And I guess it's where I've always wanted to be."

That sense of being where she wants to be may be the reason why she experienced no special trauma switching from saloon to silver screen.

"People make too much of it," she says almost impatiently. "It's just not that hard. And that's the truth. Making a movie is easier than doing a concert. You don't sweat as much. And your shoes don't wear out as fast. Of course, making a movie version of a concert — now THAT'S intense."

She sighs.

"The toughest part of **The Rose** for me was having to give up the idea of a screen debut where every pore was perfect. In the picture I look ugly a lot and I get ugly a lot, because she is ugly a lot. So I had to put personal vanity aside. And," she adds, groaning, "it was hard. Of course in **Divine Madness** I'm

me, so I'll be simply gorgeous every second."

She chuckles, and her eyes sparkle mischievously.

"I was a Very Good Girl while I was shooting **The Rose**. I was very, very good. Not shtupping guys in the trailer, no snorting cocaine between takes. I was on my best behavior, and it just about killed me. But I didn't want people to say I was horrible. Not on my first picture. But — "

But?

"But now," she adds with a wink, "I don't care what they say."

When she's not working she likes to shmooz around with her boyfriend, actor Peter Riegert. Off stage, she insists, "I'm a bit bookish. What do I read? Anything. Tomato soup cans, shampoo labels. In one eye and out the other. I'm very passive, very quiet. I used to be a lot punchier, but now that I'm 24" — she giggles — "no, I'm over 30 now — maybe it's old age. I used to be very bitter, generally angry about things. Maybe I'm just getting fat."

Has she adjusted to the loss of privacy?

"Privacy? I have a LOT of privacy. People are ALWAYS leaving me alone!" she retorts, mockingly playing the Lonely Legend. She likes fans because she understands them, and she understands them because she used to be one. At that time, however, the object of her idolatry was Bob Dylan.

"I really had it hard for him. Years later I met him. Yeah, it was great. Wait, it wasn't THAT great, he didn't even take his shoes off. But I remember reading that Sissy Spacek went to Greenwich Village as a teenager to look for Dylan and I thought, sonovabitch! I was on the next corner looking for him too!"

How has she avoided getting a super-inflated ego?

"My dear, I'm trying hard NOT to turn into Jerry Lewis. I work at it every day. I just hope to Christ I don't become an institution, like George Jessel."

It seems unlikely, especially when Bette Midler has yet to be dazzled by Bette Midler.

"I wish I could be objective about my own work, but I can't. I am the WORST at that. I can see brilliance in someone else real easy, but never in myself."

Who does she see brilliance in?

"Robert DeNiro, John Savage ...I worked with Savage, y' know, on Broadway, in *Fiddler on the Roof*. He was only 22 then and he already had three kids. He'd been busy."

Almost as busy as our Bette. It took one-and-a-half-million feet of film to capture Ms Midler's energy for **Divine Madness**. As Bette says, "I always was a speedy little person."★

LIFE, LOV

by Jack Bond

Lisa Eichhorn does not like the label 'overnight success'. Ask her how it feels to reach the top so quickly and she will lean forward tensely in her chair, effectively blocking out the elegant surroundings of her suite in New York's Hotel Pierre. Her eyes will flash as she tells you: "I detest the image that the press creates and then re-creates time and again, of a young performer becoming a sudden star. In almost every case, including mine, there are years of study, work and experience before the public takes notice of an actor or actress."

A year ago, Lisa made her film debut in John Schlesinger's **Yanks**. Since then she has completed work on three other feature films, the second of which, **Why Would I Lie?**, is about to be released. Maybe not an overnight success but, at the very least, one of the speediest rises yet achieved from anonymity to stardom.

Lisa Eichhorn got to this plateau of success by a charmed combination of talent, chutzpah and luck.

Six years ago, Lisa was accepted by the prestigious Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts in London. She had the talent and ambition, but not the tuition. So it was home to Reading, Pennsylvania, where she did a stint serving pizza while trying to raise the money to return to England.

Enter — the luck.

The town's elderly dowager, Ms Sydney Kutz, heard about Lisa's plight and invited her to lunch. Less than a week later Lisa had the money she needed to survive her studies at RADA.

"As huge as my luck has been in my life, that's as huge as that gesture was. I've never said too much about it because I don't like saying too much — just as I don't like acting that's overstated, underlined with black crayon. The best acting is from the heart and soul but it still doesn't tell you everything. Maybe people don't understand how dumbfounded I was."

It wasn't long after graduating from RADA that Lisa heard about Schlesinger's auditions for **Yanks**.

Enter — the chutzpah.

The role called for a Yorkshire girl, so Lisa became a Yorkshire girl — a ruse she maintained long after her talent had won her the part. She didn't tell Schlesinger that she was an American until

E & LISA

the day before shooting began.

Lisa's role in **Why Would I Lie?** is her first chance to play a contemporary American character. And she likes it. The romantic comedy is a breath of fresh air just when she needs one. The film also teams her up with her off-screen co-star, Treat Williams.

Lisa had met Treat before getting this role, when their mutual agent arranged for her to sublet Treat's Manhattan apartment. It was a case of love at first lease. Their off-screen romance progressed as surely as did that of their characters on-screen.

In the film, Treat plays an overzealous social worker who bends the rules into whatever shape is necessary to help a young boy find his mother. Lisa plays an independent feminist who discovers that even though she is perfectly capable of making it on her own, she doesn't necessarily have to. As Lisa says about her own private life with Treat: "It's only at this point in time that I realize it's okay to need someone, that you don't have to do everything yourself."

Lisa is surprisingly open about her private life. Not only does she talk unreservedly about her feelings for Treat, she also allows her feelings for her family to be part of an interview. In fact, one of her real fears is that her mother, father, brothers and sisters will somehow be alienated by her career. She insists that everything she does must include them, that she must be accessible to them.

Accessible, but not tied down. From experience Lisa knows that the family ties can withstand the strain of distance. When she was a teenager she completed her final year of high school as an exchange student in Norway. Then she attended Queen's University in Kingston, Ontario, where she won a scholarship to Oxford. There she completed her B.A. in English literature. She returned to the home fires only as long as needed to raise the money to get her back to England and RADA.

The drive and ambition that carried Lisa through the wandering years are still with her, right at the center of her acting career.

"I have some sort of pea that I sleep on in my bed. I never want to just rest. I believe in my work, in my job, in acting, in my craft. And I haven't spent all these years wanting to be mediocre. I want to be the best. I want to be as good as I can."★

IN PRAISE OF I

by Roderick Mann

HOLLYWOOD — I suppose Shirley MacLaine is just about as liberated as a lady can get without actually being locked up. For years now she has gone her own highly individual way — not exactly uncaring of what people might think but not losing too much sleep over it, either.

And that wasn't always easy, particularly in the old days when the dragon ladies of the Hollywood press watched over your every move. Anyone who didn't conform to their particular standards was automatically sentenced to 30 lashes in print next day.

All that's changed now, of course. But Shirley MacLaine hasn't. She goes serenely on, still armed with more answers than most people have questions; still scattering a paper trail to independent living so that others may follow.

Not many do. Not many can. Consider the following.

1. She has been married for years to a man she seldom sees — Steve Parker — who lives in faraway Tokyo. She is devoted to him and to their 23-year-old daughter, Sachi.

2. She has been 'round the world on her own several times, loved almost all of it with the exception of the Soviet Union, and produced an intriguing documentary about her visit to China.

3. She has written two best-selling books, *Don't Fall Off the Mountain* and *You Can Get There From Here*, and is now completing a third.

4. She manages to have romances with intelligent men whom she loves and who love her, yet she always makes it clear she hasn't the slightest intention of marrying them.

Not bad. Not bad at all.

I spent a couple of hours with her the other night, for she is at present in Hollywood making a new movie called **Loving Couples**. It's a film about a married woman who has an affair with a younger man. The younger man's girlfriend goes to the married woman's husband for advice and winds up in bed with him. It's funny stuff. James Coburn, Stephen Collins and Susan Sarandon are in the film with her.

At a time when every actress in town is crying, "Where are the roles for women?" it's hard not to conclude that MacLaine has cornered the market. And is something of a workaholic.

"Not at all," she said, curled up on a settee. "I work a lot because I'm a terminal Protestant; I just can't stand the idea of doing nothing. I need to be productive. But remember, **Being There** was the first film I'd made since **The Turning Point**.

Her contract on **Loving Couples** stipulates that she does not have to be on the set until 11 a.m. It's the kind of deal that bleary-eyed actresses, stumbling out into the Hollywood dawn for their movies or TV series, can only dream about.

"I've been a night person for so long now that I can no longer get up at 7 for filming. I turn down pictures that require me to do that. My life comes first, way before pictures. If someone wants me, that's how it has to be.

"I've done my theater and nightclub act for so long now that I'm on a nighttime schedule. And I always write at night; sometimes until 4 in the morning. So it's impossible for me to make an early start in the morning. Anyway, how can you say to an actor, 'I love you,' when you haven't even finished coughing yet?

"Anyway, this sort of schedule is much more civilized. More like the French hours. It gives me time for my morning workout [one-and-a-half hours of back-breaking exercises] and lets me miss the freeway traffic. It does something else, too. It allows me to go out at night without worrying about being home in bed by 11."

You get the impression that Shirley MacLaine never wastes a minute. When she is not filming, she sits in her mobile trailer, writing.

"And I think I'm getting better," she said. "If anything devastating or saddening happens to me now I find myself saying: 'I must remember how I feel about this, so that I can turn it into something productive in my writing. I mustn't let anything go to waste.'"

And when she has time between films, she takes off with her act, prancing about the stage, her shapely legs kicking high above her head with an agility at age 45 that shames the other dancers, some of them half her age. "You can take the girl out of the chorus," she is fond of saying, "but you can't take the chorus out of the girl."

When she is not dancing or writing or acting, she is off on one of her trips, turning up in the most unlikely places. After all, how many actresses do you know who have been arrested and held by armed soldiery in the Himalayan state of Bhutan? Or been tossed out of a Moscow restaurant for being too noisy?

In between times, she seems to manage to conduct relationships with men that not only last a long time but do not turn to cold clay with the death of passion. Indeed, she has managed to remain firm friends with almost all of them.

"Well, it seems extraordinary to me that when a love affair comes to an end friendship should also grind to a halt," she said.

NDEPENDENCE

"Why? Whatever you once saw in each other is still there and must be worth sustaining by friendship. I don't believe relationships should be tasted for a while and then cast aside like an orange peel."

Of her long-lasting marriage to Steve Parker, she says: "I have the most marvelous relationship with him. We have come to an agreement of friendship. If anything is bothering him he knows he can talk about it. The same with me. We are great friends and we like each other. And that's even more important than loving each other, in my view.

"Liking has longevity to it. Love is intense, and can burn itself out. It seems to me a wonderful thing to say to someone, 'I like you.' After all, it's possible to tell someone, 'I love you,' and not really like them at all."

When she goes out, she usually takes her own car — even if she's going with someone with whom she's very close.

"That's because I want to be independent," she said. "I prefer to take my own when I'm going somewhere so that if I want to leave early I can. Anyway, I live farther away than most people [at Malibu], so unless I intend going home with someone I need my own transport.

"Most of the men I find attractive like that sort of independence. If a man didn't find it attractive I probably wouldn't like him. It's interesting, I find. As you grow older you begin to attract and be attracted to people along the same lines as yourself. Certainly that's what's happening to me.

What about her life now? Her private life?

"All I'll tell you is I'm having the best time I've ever had. More than that I will not say."

That sounded interesting.

"It is."★

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God himself couldn't sink her.

Then they said
no man on earth could reach her.

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PEOPLE WHO NEED PEOPLE

by Jack Bond

The woman's name is Kate. She is in her early thirties and is a highly respected mathematician who teaches at a college in Chicago. Her career and her needs come first. She is living with an older man who respects her work as much as he does his own. She is having an affair with a younger man without commitment or complication.

Surely this must be the ideal woman to emerge from the decade of self-realization we have just passed through. She must be the mirror-image that feminists and seventies philosophers have been striving to reflect.

Director Claudia Weill presents us with this Kate as her film, **It's My Turn**, unfolds on the screen. Weill muddled through the inversion of the seventies along with the rest of us. She was told, as we were, that the closest to Nirvana we Westerners could reach was this total and rather insular independence achieved by Kate.

If this was the goal, then where

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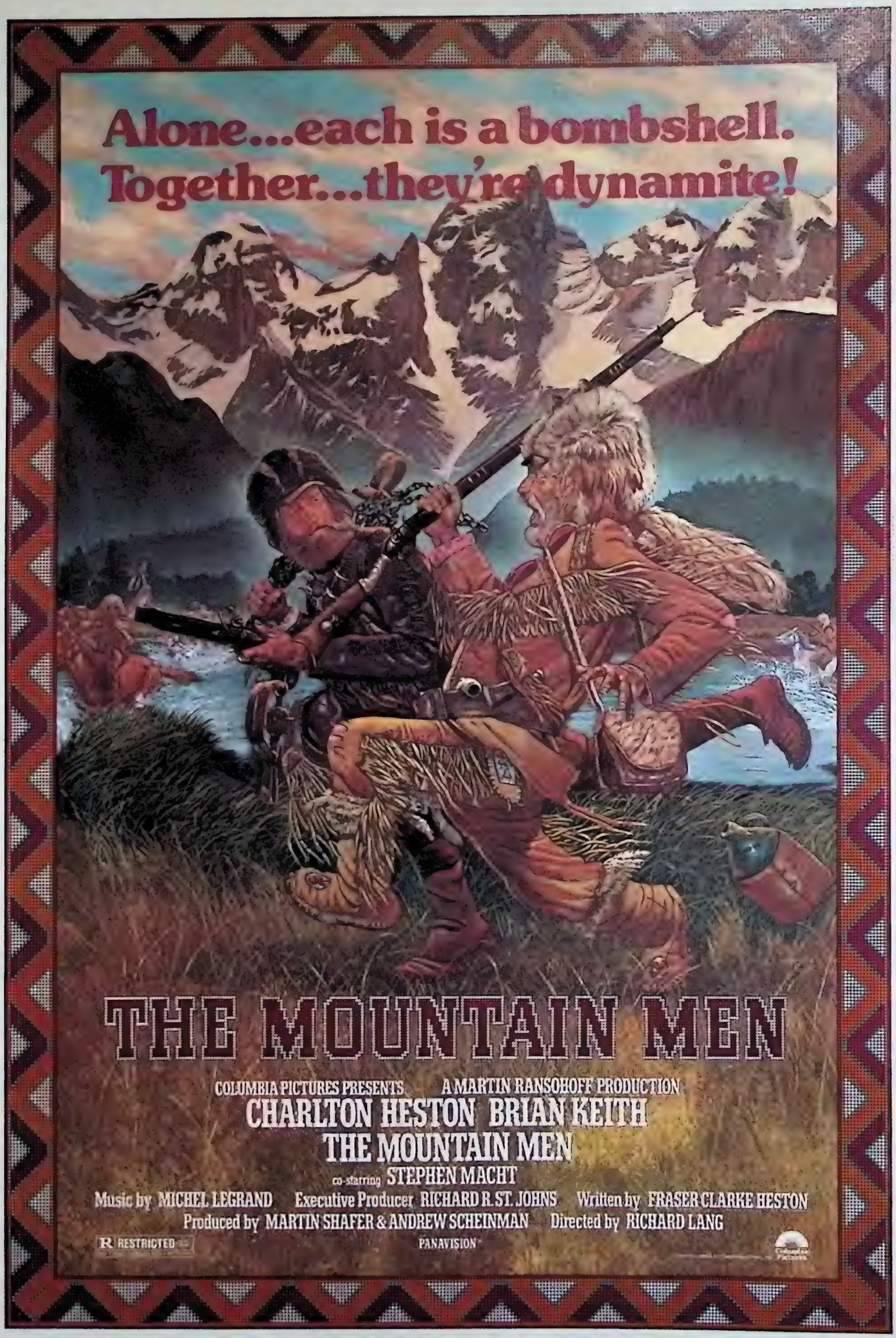
Alone...each is a bombshell.
Together...they're dynamite!
THE MOUNTAIN MEN
COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A MARTIN RANSOHOFF PRODUCTION
CHARLTON HESTON BRIAN KEITH
THE MOUNTAIN MEN
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Music by MICHEL LEGRAND Executive Producer RICHARD R. ST. JOHNS Written by FRASER CLARKE HESTON
Produced by MARTIN SHAFER & ANDREW SCHEINMAN Directed by RICHARD LANG
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PANAVISION

COMING SOON TO THEATRES ACROSS CANADA

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can Kate go now that she's achieved the sought-after pinnacle of selfhood?

Claudia Weill takes seventies feminism into eighties humanism by exposing Kate to her own limitations in **It's My Turn**. One weekend, Kate travels to New York to attend her widowed father's second marriage. She discovers in her father's love and devotion to his middle-aged bride a sense of family and tradition that is totally lacking in her own life.

In many ways, Kate is an extended picture of the two main characters from Weill's first film, **Girlfriends**. Either of those women could have become Kate; one by looking to her career alone for her identity, the other by trying unsuccessfully to escape into a boring marriage. In fact, Weill was in the planning stages for this film even before **Girlfriends** was edited. She had already contacted writer Eleanor Bergstein to discuss her ideas for **It's My Turn**. When Bergstein heard the idea of a woman who has multiple relationships with men, filling different needs with different men, she was hooked. The theme was one she had been struggling with for some time.

"I had never seen a film that dealt honestly with a contemporary woman trying to put her life together. Films that have treated this subject are usually fantasies — where it's either too hard or too easy. But actually, it's neither. It's not impossible. And it's not easy just because you happen to be beautiful.

"Kate, the focus of our film, is a new kind of woman, a woman living her life like a man. She's gotten the career part of her life together, but she can't seem to get the rest together; not without the sense of family . . . all the things she had at home when she was growing up, but doesn't have any longer.

"My point is that it is possible to will yourself to have a life full of tenderness and joy. It's not enough to have a life full of space and autonomy and mutual respect. You also have to have the traditional closeness of a family or

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marriage or a husband and wife relationship. Which is what I believe in very strongly. Nothing in the world touches that. To let that go by is a crime against human possibility — for women and men. That's where the true human joy is."

And that's where Weill and Bergstein have found themselves and us at the beginning of the eighties: searching for something to fill the void left by our achievement of independence. Weill focuses on the things we cut ourselves off from in our quest for our 'essential selves.'

"**It's My Turn** is about the need to create an emotional center to your life. For many people, like Kate, this had come second for years and then — suddenly — had to come first. I think everybody has some sort of mating urge and it can express itself in many ways. The film is about a woman's need to connect with a man, which sometimes leads to connecting with several men in different ways. It's also about the contrast between old and new notions of marriage."

Weill does not think of the problems dealt with in her film as being experienced by women exclusively, but she does think that **It's My Turn** will be labeled a "women's" film.

"There's a definite hunger to see women in films. There's an audience for films on women. After all, people go to the movies to be handed back to themselves graciously. Women just want to be included in a way. I certainly can't define a pressure on me to make films for women. I don't do what I do for self-fulfillment or to have a platform for my views. It's just my craft, what I do."

Weill and Bergstein are joined in this project by Jill Clayburgh, who came to prominence with her portrayal of Erika in **An Unmarried Woman**. Kate, who Clayburgh plays in **It's My Turn**, just may be the person Erika was on her way to becoming. Now Claudia Weill leads that character kicking and screaming into a quest for the kind of relationship Erika once assumed — but wrongly — that she had with her husband.

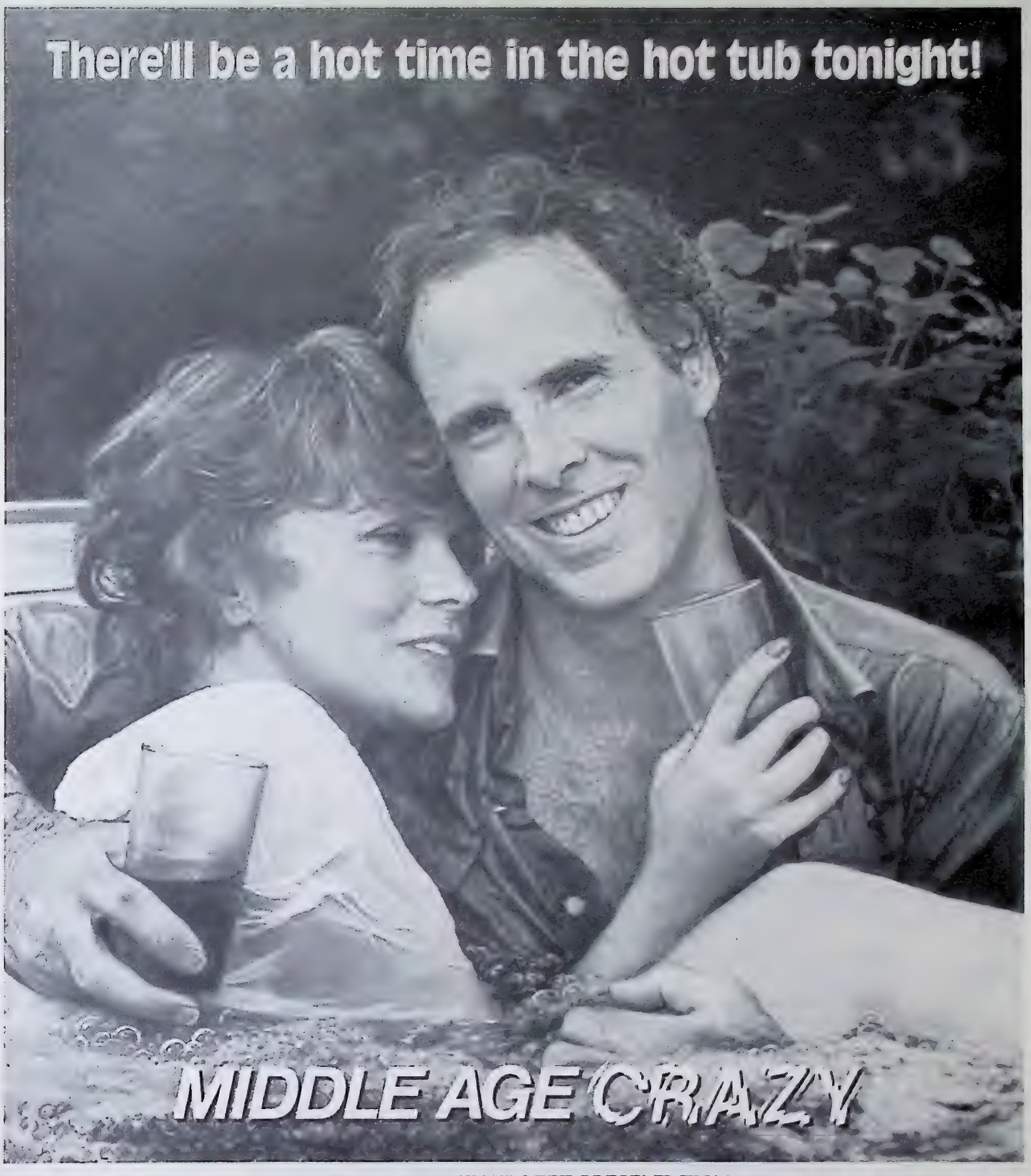
Clayburgh sees Kate's re-assessment of the female-male relationship as a step forward and not at all old-fashioned.

"My character is a successful woman who isn't in danger of sacrificing her independence for love, but is in danger of sacrificing love for her independence. She has the kind of ideally liberated relationships that the magazines tell us we're all supposed to want. The man she lives with encourages her to work. They give each other space, literally and spiritually.

"But that's not enough. During the weekend of her father's wedding, she sees how emotionally sterile her own liberated arrangement is. And, she finds out, as I think so many of us have, that there's finally something beyond this selfhood that we've been urged to achieve. There is a need to connect and commit — to have love without the rational limits — that all the success and self-sufficiency in the world can't erase."

There is so much of these three women in this film — Weill, Bergstein and Clayburgh — that the director-writer-actress roles tend to merge as they draw on each other's resources. They counterpoint each other's statements on the film, agreeing with an insight into Kate or expanding on another's personal reaction to the film. Maybe this is the direction of the eighties. Three women of differing experience have joined forces through the need to say the same thing.

The message in **It's My Turn** is a new twist for feminism. It is reactionary — it is humanism.★



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Additional Songs by BURT BACHARACH and CAROLE BAYER SAGER

Executive Producers SID AND MARTY KROFFT Produced by ROBERT COOPER AND RONALD COHEN

Directed by JOHN TRENT Screenplay by CARL KLEINSCHMITT

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CHECK NEWSPAPERS FOR A THEATRE NEAR YOU

HEALING IS BELIEVING

by Lyle Slack

Renee Missel is thirtyish, French-Canadian, a lapsed Catholic and a little concerned just now. Her second major film as a producer is about to be released.

It has all the sort of bankable factors a motion picture should have these days, by studio reckoning.

A major star, Ellen Burstyn, who's already won one Academy Award (**Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More**) and who was nominated for an Oscar for her last role, that of Alan Alda's once-a-year lover in **Same Time, Next Year**.

A director, Daniel Petrie, with a reputation for quality work and a record of popular success — most recently with the two television dramas based on the life and love of Eleanor and Franklin Roosevelt, and the screen adaptation of Harold Robbins's **The Betsy**.

A screenwriter, Lewis John Carlino, who handles emotional subjects with both strength and a handsome restraint, notably Kris Kristofferson's **The Man Who Fell From Grace With the Sea** and **I Never Promised You a Rose Garden**.

And the producer herself whose first major venture — **The Main Event** — starred no less a team than Barbra Streisand and Ryan O'Neal.

The reason Renee Missel is concerned despite all this heavyweight talent is that her movie, **Resurrection**, is about holistic medicine. There is another, more popular but less correct term for it — faith healing — and Renee is concerned that the public not confuse the two.

"This is not a movie about a faith healer," says Missel flatly. She is sitting in the office she shares with her partner, Howard Rosenman. It is one of those hot, lifeless Los Angeles afternoons.

"Ellen plays a healer but it's not through the faith," Missel explains. "It's not, 'I believe in Jesus and Jesus is speaking to me and I am healing you.'

"It's healing through love. And basically, Ellen's training before the movie was as a holistic sensor. And what they do is . . . well, let's take a disease like cancer where they really believe there are cancer cells that are dormant in your body all the time . . . and if you get cancer, something in you is giving in to this. What they believe is, you can cure yourself. You can get rid of the disease if you believe enough.

"It's basically those people that Ellen hung around with. And they're called healers. But what they do is lead the patient into willing the disease away. And sometimes they're successful and sometimes they're not. It's something medicine has been fighting, but more and more in the medical schools now they're aware of this.

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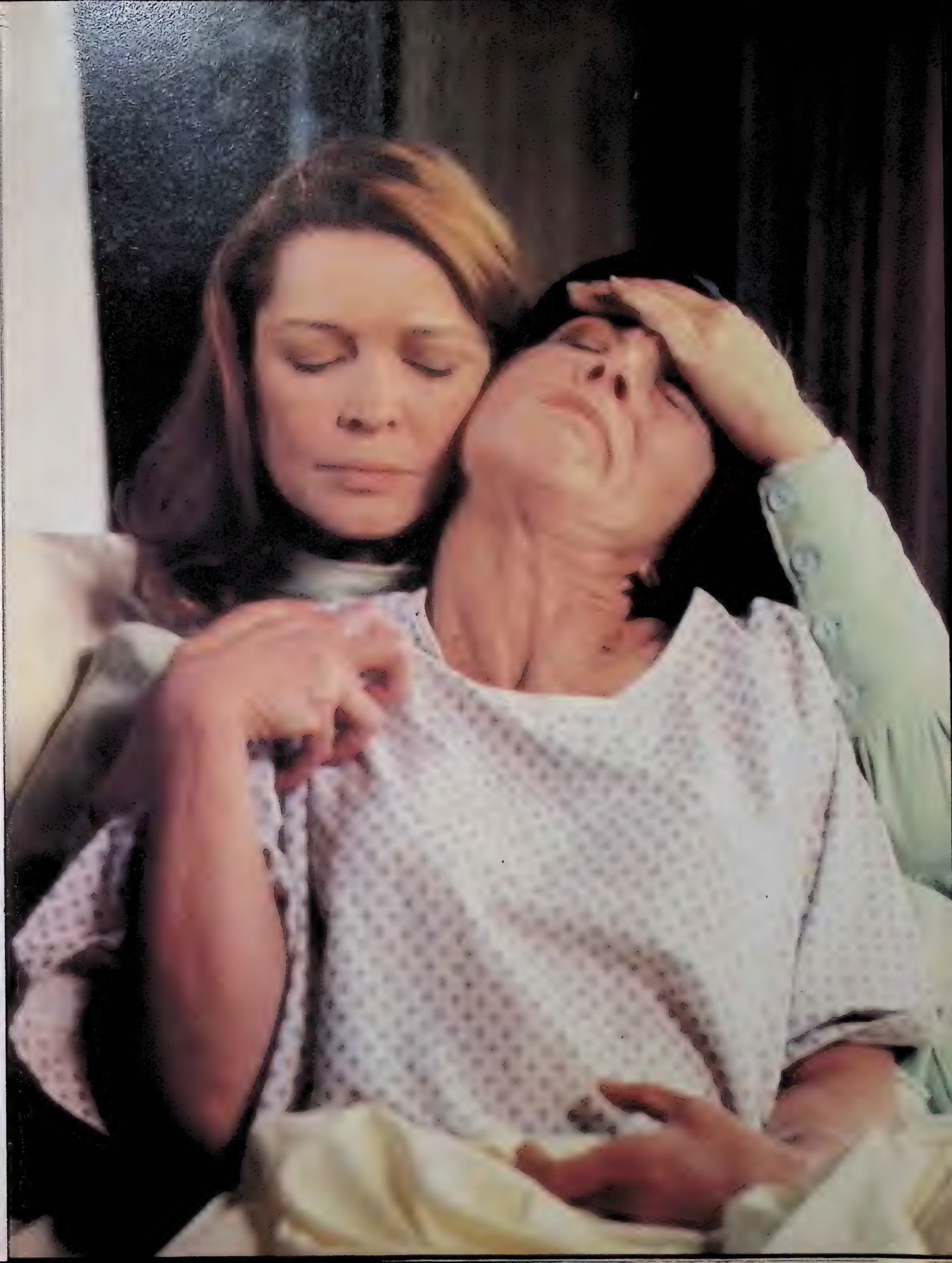

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SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

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It's a psychological approach."

As it happens, Renee Missel is not entirely unqualified to speak about the subject. Before becoming a film producer (first of documentaries), she worked as a radioneurologist.

She grew up in Montreal but moved to L.A. with her family after graduating from the Lycée College Marie de France. She enrolled in UCLA's pre-med program, returned to Montreal to study at McGill and then moved on to New York's Neurological Institute.

Now, 12 years later and working in the fantasy business, her medical background has suddenly proved useful.

"I think anything you have done in real life helps you in film," she explains. "In fact, what's lacking in Hollywood is life experience. Most of the people here have not lived before. You know, they've always been a part of the film industry, so everything has always been unreal. Also, documentaries have given me a taste for a certain realism in film. I do love myths, but for me they have to be translated through reality."

There is still widespread skepticism about the validity of holistic medicine, and there are the tragic incidents. Five years ago, in San Bernardino, Calif., the parents of an 11-year-old diabetic boy threw away their son's insulin in the belief he had been cured by a faith healer. The child died three days later, and the parents were convicted of involuntary manslaughter and felony child abuse.

At the same time, individual medical researchers are coming forward with qualified support. Among the most persuasive has been Dr. Jerome Frank, professor emeritus of psychiatry at Johns Hopkins Medical School.

Says Dr. Frank: "If we take the holistic approach, we have more chance for success than in the past." Specifically, Frank has come to the conclusion that an emotional state can demonstrably influence the course of an illness. In some people, he says, faith or the expectation of a favorable outcome speeds healing. In others, depression prolongs convalescence.

The genesis of **Resurrection**, however, had little to do with holistic medicine, Missel admits. In typical Hollywood fashion, it began with a one-liner about a woman-Christ in 1979 in the San Fernando Valley. "Being an ex-Catholic — and my partner is Jewish — we both had very strong religious backgrounds. And at first we went more in the direction of the flipside of **The Exorcist** where the woman did miracles and it was a religious movie, overtly."

The method Missel and Rosenman use to develop film projects is becoming more and more common in the industry. They begin not with a script but with an idea that sounds promising, then hire a screenwriter to research and develop a story around the idea.

"Then a lot of films came out like **Demon Seed** and **Omen II**," she says, "and they did not do well and the studio [Universal] was worried about that genre. At the same time, we sent the screenplay . . . which was a good screenplay, but as I said, it was sort of the flipside of **The Exorcist** . . . we sent it to Ellen.

"She read the screenplay and said, 'Well, I am interested in the subject matter but I did **The Exorcist** and to do the flipside would be ridiculous.'

"So we met with her and talked about a different approach. There were certain areas that she was very interested in, such as the life after life phenomenon and the Elisabeth Kübler-Ross thing of working with terminal patients and helping them to a conscious death. Those were things Ellen wanted to deal with."

What they finished with is the story of a Los Angeles woman whose husband is killed in an auto accident and who is herself critically injured. Recovering in her girlhood home in Kansas, she discovers she possesses the ability to heal others by holding them and laying her hands on the afflicted part of the body.

Burstyn of course portrays the woman, Edna McCauley. Sam Shepard, who won acclaim for his acting debut as the ailing farm owner in **Days of Heaven**, plays an intense young man who has a turbulent love affair with Edna.

Richard Farnsworth, who was nominated for an Academy Award for his role in **Comes a Horseman**, is a delightful old desert rat running a cluttered gas station. Eva Le Gallienne, a guiding force in the New York theater, has her first major motion picture role as Pearl, Edna's wise and loving grandmother.

"Because we started with no money, Howard and I," says Missel, "all we had at the beginning were our ideas as resources. We did not have the finances to option existing screenplays. Neither did we find them, frankly. So we just had a lot of ideas and, you know, just put our ideas into development.

"And it's the long route, doing it that way. But it's exciting. Especially with a concept like **Resurrection**, which has gone through so many different phases. It's such a rewarding project. And, I think, such an *unusual* film."★

Photography by PATRICK DEMARCHELIER

A sensuous story of natural love.

Director Randal Kleiser, whose last film, "Grease," was an international hit, has now turned his cinematic talent towards a new and unusual subject.

Two children, a boy and a girl, are shipwrecked on a lost tropical island. When their only adult friend dies, they must survive, somehow, alone.

Nature is kind to them. They live off the bounty of the jungle and the lagoon. The boy grows tall. The girl beautiful.

They swim naked over coral reefs. They run in a cathedral of trees. And the warm winds, the tropic moon, the silk sand conspire to enchant them.

When their love happens, it is as natural as the sea itself, and as powerful. **Love as nature intended it to be.**

THE BLUE LAGOON

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Columbia Pictures

BOGUS BOGEY

by Jonathan Gross

It's late and we're downtown in a quiet, bluesy watering hole.

Outside, a soothing drizzle has descended on the city's tired bowels.

Inside, clinking glasses bury the tinkling of the piano. In one corner where the smoke hangs like drooping Spanish moss, two oldtimers are nursing a couple of scotch and waters.

The talk, as it sometimes is among the elderly, is of the past.

"Whatever happened to good guys in pictures?"

"Yeah, the tough ones who wouldn't slap a dame unless they had to, the guys with a stiff upper lip, a heart of gold and a stomach full of courage."

"What do you get today? A bunch of gutless punks who spend more time looking in the mirror and beating up their girlfriends than trying to bring any decent values to the movies."

"Half the time you don't even know just who the heavy is."

"Where's Bogey when you need him?"

He's gone, fellas. You know that.

But that doesn't mean his legend or his style is dead. And that's just what producer-writer Andrew J. Fenady is hoping to revive with Robert Sacchi as **The Man With Bogart's Face**, a contemporary comedy-mystery saluting Bogey and his films.

Although the cast is weighty with the talents of Michelle Phillips, Olivia Hussey, Victor Buono,

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Franco Nero, Herbert Lom and even George Raft, the film rests on the abilities of Sacchi, a Bogey lookalike with a long history in the character.

Not only is Sacchi an incredible likeness right down to Bogart's glassy lower lip, he has also mastered both the voice and mannerisms. Says the Bronx native, "There are certain things that Bogart fans look for: the way you hold a cigarette, the way you touch your lip, the way you walk."

And he should know. After being discovered for a 1976 trenchcoat commercial, Sacchi went on to do a thousand performances as Bogart, including a part in the touring company of *Play It Again Sam* and his own one-man show called *Bogey's Back*. This tour de force, in which Sacchi combined the late star's commentary on contemporary issues with clips and re-enacted scenes from several films, toured colleges for five years in the early seventies.

But having a good Bogey impersonator isn't enough to justify a feature film budget with the competition for the nostalgia dollar so tough from love stories to gonzo comedies. Fenady has gone after both young and old with **The Man With Bogart's Face**, which places detective Sam Marlow, Sacchi's character, firmly in the present.

With a tip of the hat to Bogart's **Dark Passage**, the film, directed by Robert Day, opens in a plastic surgeon's office. Thus, the culmination of Marlow's dream — to look like Humphrey Bogart.

From then on, Marlow is tossed into a jewel-thieving caper involving a cast of clichés and sleazy types. Hussey plays Elsa Borsht, the tragically widowed rich girl, Phillips goes the Gene Tierney route as a victim of blackmail, and Misty Rowe, as Marlow's luscious steno, squeezes into a pillowcase-sized swatch of material. Buono, Nero and Lom are a badguy triumvirate, a composite of every oily character Bogey had to face.

Making a guest shot is George Raft as the blackmailing photographer.

"I wanted a man who has an old-fashioned, almost courtly demeanor, reacting to today's faster pace, more explicit style, and looser morality," says Fenady of the starring role. "I think the contrast is what makes it work better than if he were old-fashioned in an old-fashioned time. I think the contrast makes for humor and allows me to say a few things I'd like to get off my chest.

"I think now the pendulum is swinging back to heros. I think that we want our stars to be heroic, we want our president to be heroic, we want to do something that is heroic."

Published in 1977, **The Man With Bogart's Face** was written in 23 straight days and, in preparation, Fenady said he "ran the sprocket holes off every private-eye movie that has been ever made."

Fenady got his break in television way back in 1957 when he wrote and produced the long-running TV series *The Rebel*, starring Nick Adams. He also penned the lyrics to its theme song, *Johnny Yuma*.

Until he wrote **The Man With Bogart's Face** his accomplishments in TV were steady but unspectacular through several made-for-television projects. And now he thinks North America is once again ready for the good versus bad moralism of Johnny Yuma and Bogart, the original rebel.

"I think the time has passed for the ultimate loser. I think kids today are searching for those classic values."

If they aren't, or if Fenady can't deliver, he can perhaps find some solace in the words of Bogey himself who said, just before he died in 1957: "I made more lousy pictures than any other actor in history."

Here's looking at you, Mr. Sacchi.★

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The Cannes Festival